

# The Pot Companions :

O R,  
Drinking and Smoaking preferr'd before Caballing  
and Plotting.

*By a new Modell'd Gang of honest brave Fellows,  
That neither are Tories nor Whiggs in an Ale-house.  
To a Play-house Tune, call'd, thus all the day long we are frolick and gay :  
Or, We'l teach the little Dogs, &c.*

Come make a good Toast,  
and stir up the Fire ;  
And fill the great Tankard  
of what we admire :  
Then bring in a Paper  
of excellent Fogoe,  
That we may perfume  
the whole House with the Hogoe :  
And here let us sit  
like Honest brave Fellows,  
That neither are *Tories*  
nor *Whigs* in an Ale-House.  
*And here let us sit, &c.*

We'l raise no Disputes  
of the Church nor the State,  
To waken the Plot,  
which has slept out its date :  
Nor came we to treat  
of the Cities great Charter,  
But onely to Drink  
to the Sons of the Martyr :  
And better it is  
to be Honestly Setting,  
Then live to be Hang'd  
for Caballing and Plotting.  
*And better, &c.*

Since Freedom or Death  
is out of our power,  
What have we to do  
with the Lords in the *Tower* ?  
We'l leave them to Justice,  
let that take its course ;  
And set every Saddle  
upon the right Horse :  
Though the Witnesses fade,  
and the Plot's almost rotten ;  
Yet *Presbyter-Fack*  
will ne'r be forgotten.  
*Though the Witnesses fade, &c.*

We have nothing to do  
with the fudes of the Nation,  
With old *Magna Charta*,  
nor th' Association :  
Let *S*—— fancy  
himself to be Crowning ;  
Or beg his *Quietus*,  
and venture a Drowning :  
Let *Black-Coat* go on,  
and raise up his story :  
That's nothing to us,  
let the Saints have their Glory.  
*Let Black, &c.*  
Though the *Spaniards* were Landed,  
which *B*—— recounted ;  
And all the Commissions  
which *Coat* gave were mounted :  
And little *Don Fohn*  
did lead these brave fellows,  
The Devil a Foot  
would we stir from the Ale-house  
When they have rais'd Armies  
by Praying and Winking,  
'Tis we that maintain them  
with Smoaking and Drinking.  
*When they have, &c.*  
Then away to the King  
let the Tankard go round ;  
May the Plots and the Plotters  
each other confound :  
To His Highness the Duke,  
and the Royal Successors.  
And every Member  
of Loyal Addressers :  
To the Honest Lord Mayor,  
and all other old Christians ;  
But guard us good Lord  
from these whineing *Phylistines*.  
*To the honest Lord Mayor, &c.*